DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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A MISSION TO THE 500,000 BLIND OF CHINA.

Of this remarkable man, now carrying on such a great and successful work in North China, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming writes:—Mr. W. H. Murray's calling to mission work must be traced to an accident in a sawmill whereby he lost an arm, and so was disabled from following his original profession. He therefore sought and obtained employment as a rural letter-carrier in the neighborhood of Glasgow. He was subsequently employed by the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, and at this time his remarkable facility for languages attracted the notice of some of the Directors. It was accordingly arranged that he should attend some classes at the College, though his studies were not allowed to interfere with his regular work. All day long, therefore, he travelled with his Bible-waggon, went to bed at 9 p.m., rose at 3 a.m. (only think of the physical misery involved in daily rising at such an hour on chill wintry mornings!), then he studied till it was time for his classes at 8 and 9 a.m., and then began again at a new day's work at bookselling.

Thus he worked steadily through the long dreary winters in Glasgow—a good preparation for the bitter cold of winter in North China—a land where the overpowering heat of summer exceeds anything I have experienced in the tropics, while during the long winter, the frost is so intense that for many months the Peiho River is frozen, and the only access to Peking is by a difficult land journey.

Thither Mr. Murray was sent in 1871, and there his first work was that of mastering a language which is probably the most difficult of all the products of Babel. His definite employment now, as in earlier days, is that of a colporteur of the National Bible Society of Scotland, whose daily endeavor it is to circulate the Scriptures among the millions who for centuries have held in deepest reverence the learned writings of Confucius and the voluminous sacred books of Buddha. The attempt to sell the foreign sacred books was at first attended with manifold discouragements; but perseverance has carried the day, and thanks to a happy combination of patient gentleness with most resolute determination, Mr. Murray and his pony-cart now rank among the recognized "institutions" of the great capital; wherever there is a chance of effecting a sale, there he takes up his post, no matter at what inconvenience. In 1883 he disposed of 13,226 copies of parts of the Scriptures, while the other colporteurs of the same Society sold about 50,000 more, and the demand is steadily increasing. This is also the experience of the other Societies at work in China.

But while this scattering of good seed is what I may call Mr. Murray's official work, that to which specially to call attention is a branch which is wholly his own, and which is a most striking proof of the advantage of acquiring all manner of useful knowledge, even when there seems no present reason for doing so. While working for the Society in Glasgow his interest was aroused by the blind who came to purchase books printed on Moon's system; thereupon he took lessons in Professor Bell's system of visible speech, and also in Braille's system of reading and writing for the blind, by means of embossed dots. On arriving in China he found that the former actually facilitated his own study of the excruciating language, so he noted down the value of every sound he mastered, and thus ascertained that these are really limited to about 420 (a very fair number, we must allow, as compared with our twenty-four). These he succeeded in the most ingenious manner in reducing

W. H. MURRAY.
Inventor of the System for Teaching the Chinese Blind to Read.

to a system of dots, which (though to me quite incomprehensible) is said to be extraordinarily simple. With patient ingenuity, he then contrived so to combine the two systems that there seemed every reason to hope that henceforth this might be made accurately to represent the perplexing sounds of the Chinese language, and also to replace the bewildering multitude of Chinese characters.

The difficulties to be overcome are almost beyond comprehension by those who have never struggled to acquire an Oriental language, represented in crabbed characters; but Mr. Murray's patient resolution was kept constantly up to the mark by the continual sight of the innumerable blind beggars who throng the streets of every Chinese town, frequently going about in companies of a dozen or more. A vast number of these are the victims of small-pox, and perhaps as many more have lost their sight through neglected ophthalmia. Nothing could be more miserable than their condition, but if once they could acquire the art of reading, apart from the gain to themselves, they would command an amazing amount of respect from their fellow-citizens.

Of course no amount of embossing could make the frightfully complicated Chinese character comprehensible to the most sensitive fingers, but the newly-devised system appeared hopeful, and now came the anxiety of testing it. Selecting a poor little orphan blind beggar who was lying almost naked in the streets, and who, notwithstanding his loneliness and poverty, always seemed cheerful and content, Mr. Murray took him in hand, washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself to mastering this new learning. Naturally the boy was delighted, and we may imagine his ecstasy and the thankful gladness of his teacher when, within six weeks, he was able not only to read fluently, but to write with remarkable accuracy!

To complete the experiment two blind beggar-men were next induced to learn, the boy acting as teacher. One was able to read well within two months, the other more slowly, but also with great pleasure. It was at this stage that I made their acquaintance, and it struck me as intensely pathetic—as we stood at the door of a dark room, for it was night—to hear what I knew to be Holy Scripture read by men who, less than four months previously, sat begging in the streets in misery and rags, on the verge of starvation.

No wonder that to their countrymen it should appear little short of miraculous that blind beggars should be thus cared for by foreigners, and endowed with apparently supernatural powers; and when one was sent out to read in the street in company with a native colporteur, crowds gathered round to hear and to buy the Book. Hence it is evident that the Mission might be greatly aided in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth by the agency of a whole legion of blind readers.

A serious difficulty, however, lies in the necessity of providing board and lodging for those who at present maintain themselves by begging. Mr. Murray's private resources have from the first been seriously overtaxed, and as this blind-teaching is altogether out of his official work, he can only accomplish it in extra hours stolen from sleep. He would, however, very gladly increase his class, which, when I last heard from Peking, numbered six boys, the first lot having been fairly started in life. Only the lack of funds prevents his doubling their number; £10 enables him to give one Chinese beggar a year's training.

Miss Gordon-Cumming, in addition to this, writes to the *Illustrated Missionary News*:—"Not only do these blind boys rapidly acquire the art of writing with the greatest accuracy, but the same system has been applied to musical symbols, and several boys who were found to have a remarkable talent for music have now been instructed in its science, and have learned to write music from dictation with extraordinary facility. Within forty minutes the class writes down any two of Moody and Sankey's hymn tunes, in four parts; and when the sheet is taken out of the frame, each student reads off his part, rarely making a mistake. These boys now form an efficient choir at the London Mission Chapel, one taking his place at the harmonium. Several more have been bespoken as organists for other chapels. On week days these boys and young men read the Scriptures and sing hymns in the chapel, and numerous passers-by are thus attracted to come and hear the message of the Gospel.

"But in order to reach the unlearned, special books must be prepared for the different provinces, and it is of the utmost importance that Mr. Murray should now be placed in such a position as may enable him to devote his remaining days to preparing books for the blind legion, and also to transmit to others the knowledge which has been so specially revealed to him, and which he alone is at present competent to impart. It is greatly to be desired that he should

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be enabled to train many teachers gifted with sight, either Europeans or first-class Chinese converts, who may be employed by the various missions in all parts of the empire. One such *sighted* head teacher in each district could there found a blind school, and train Chinese Scripture readers and others; and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole vast empire like a network. It is hoped that among those who offer themselves for this work some may be found, who are endowed with that peculiar faculty which may enable them to apply the system to the principal dialects of the eighteen great provinces.

"This new mission will certainly appeal as no other has yet done to two of the strongest characteristics of China's millions—namely, their reverence for pure benevolence, and their veneration for the power of reading. To see foreigners undertaking such a work of love for the destitute blind will go far towards dispelling prejudice against Christians and their Master, and will prepare the way for the workers of all Christian Missions. Hitherto this work has been crippled in its cradle for want of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the continual self-denial of the working man to whom it owes its existence, and who for sixteen years has toiled in unwearied patience, almost unknown to Europeans, working the live-long day as a colporteur, in burning summer heat, or freezing wintry blasts. During that period he has succeeded in creating such a demand for the book, that he has sold about 100,000 copies and portions, in the Chinese and Tartar languages, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that some copies have found an entrance within the Imperial Palace.

"Every moment that he could steal from the sleep or rest of the first eight years was devoted to persistently puzzling out his system; and in like manner for the last eight years every moment he could call his own, and every penny he could save from his slender salary, have been devoted to the service of the blind. It is now high time that the little acorn which he has so successfully planted should be enabled to expand to a great tree, overshadowing the land. But none of the existing Missionary Societies consider that they can at present venture to undertake any fresh responsibilities, and it therefore rests with the public to supply the requisite funds to meet necessary expenses.

"We have heard a great deal this year lately about Jubilee offerings. I now appeal to the great reading public, many of whom have kindly and cordially expressed the pleasure they have derived from my notes of travel in many lands, and I ask them to gladden my own Jubilee birthday (26th May, 1837-1887) by making me their almoner in thus sending light to them that dwell in darkness."

All such donations for the Chinese Blind Mission will be gladly welcomed by Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, Glen Earn House, Crieff, Scotland.

EXCUSE-MAKING GIRLS.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

"Well, I believe I'll stay at home."

"But what shall I say if our minister or Mr. Morris, the class leader, asks for you?"

"Oh, say I have a headache."

"But that would not be true."

"How do you know it would not be true? Can you tell me when my head aches better than myself?"

"But you said less than half an hour ago you never felt better in your life."

"What if I did! Can't one get up a headache for an excuse? A headache is always in order. What are you thinking of, you solemn-looking owl, have I committed an unpardonable sin?"

"I was thinking of what you told that little dress-maker, Miss Lillis, yesterday—that you could not possibly attend to having your wrap cut, as company had arrived. She looked tired and, I thought, rather disappointed when she said she had turned away two jobs that she might have time for you as agreed."

"Well, I did have company, didn't I? Where is the fuss about that?"

"Oh, Edith! You know the reason was not company, but that you were enjoying yourself at lawn tennis, and did not want to leave. And you know to-night you are busy with that new lace pattern, and it fascinates you. A headache is not the reason why you decline attending the little meeting."

"Well, Miss Prim, are you done with your 'preachment?' According to Susie West I should say I was a common liar."

"No, not a liar! I do not believe you would intentionally break one of the commandments, but forgive me if I am plain spoken, you are fast becoming a modern excuse-maker, and, excuse me again, I shall not give as a reason for your non-appearance to-night a headache. There is the bell. Good night."

But no "good night" came in response. Edith May was too—angry, I suppose I must say—to reply. When one's little sins are laid bare, reproofs are usually received in an angry, resentful manner, unless much grace has subdued the natural heart.

Edith May and Susie West were both upright girls, members of the same Sabbath school class and same church, but this little habit of creating an excuse, to hide the real reason, or as a cover to her indolence and shortcomings, this little fox was meddling sadly with her thrifty vines.

"A more convenient season" was often and often her plea when wide-awake action was necessary.

"A little more sleep, a little more slumber" again and again she indulged, and her quick brain was fertile in well-formed excuses. But Edith was beginning to be distrusted. Her little stratagems had not always succeeded. The bare truth had now and then been reached, and Susie did not tell her, as she might have done, that Harry Bull had been heard to say, "Edith May was as full of excuses as Uncle Tiff himself," which must have been an exaggeration, since all who have read "Nina Gordon," know he was inveterate.

But Edith had a tender conscience, and Susie's gentle, though plain and truthful words had awakened a close self-examination.

A stubborn, resentful nature would doubtless have taken a different course from Edith. There are those who know they have done wrong; their every action shows it, yet they would probably rather die than acknowledge it. Such natures are not pleasant, and if one is so born it is a great misfortune, yet they are in no way absolved from the duty of striving to overcome. "Overcomers, crowned at last!" How blest the welcome to such a one! Great temptations bring great victories.

When Edith's self-inquiries began, the first question that shaped itself from the chaos of her thoughts was this. She spoke it aloud:

"Am I nearing, have I reached this border line of dishonesty?"

She knew she was ready and fertile in excuse-making, and saying what might be true, but as she must admit was not, always, in her case. Yet this habit, so well developed at present, had grown by degrees. She had practised it as a cover for various self-indulgences, therefore, her logic told her, selfishness was at the bottom.

A sudden impulse seized her. She resolved upon a new start. If she had not been a Christian before she would be honest now. The meeting could not have been more than half through, and presently a sharp gate click was heard, and a decided footfall sounded near.

What was Susie's surprise when an informal hand-shaking followed the meeting, to behold her friend Edith smiling and talking with the minister, when she had been perplexing her mind what truthful answer to give when he should ask for her.

Upon the homeward walk Edith unburdened her mind to Susie, telling her that all she had said and much more was true, that her eyes had been opened, and she had resolved that in future her arch enemy, excuse-making to hide selfishness, should not get the mastery.

Susie pressed her hand warmly, saying she knew the victory was won, for Edith had a determined way of her own and once aroused and on guard would not easily be overcome.

It was true. She was not easily overcome, nor did she easily overcome.

As time passed on her old habit of making ready excuse for something she did not wish to do would not be set aside without a struggle. There were times when almost every breath brought a well-framed plan different from the very fact, but as often her resolve was taken anew, and now perhaps there is no one in that village freer from exaggeration and excuse-making.—*Christian at Work.*

A RICH GIFT.—The teacher of a girls' school in Africa wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar, such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing. The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money, and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it. There is one who watched and still watches people casting gifts into his treasury; would he not say of this African girl, "She hath cast in more than they all"?—*Band of Hope.*

GOOD TEMPER, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—*Irving.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22.

THE TEN VIRGINS.—MATT. 25: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they that were ready, went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.—Matt. 25: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The duty of preparing now for the future.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 25: 1-13.
T. Matt. 13: 1-3. 20: 21.
W. Luke 13: 23-30.
Th. Luke 16: 1-13.
F. Luke 16: 19-31.
Sa. Heb. 4: 1-11.
Su. Rev. 22: 6-21.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Then:* at the coming of the Lord. The Gospel rewards are like a wedding feast. *Ten virgins:* representing the whole of the professed followers of Christ. *Lamps:* small vessels with a wick and a small quantity of oil, in these processions placed on a stick, like a torch, representing the outward profession and form of religion; what appears to men. *Went forth to meet the bridegroom:* in Oriental weddings the bridegroom went to the house of the bride, and then took her with him to his own house by night, in a great procession with torches and music. At his house was the wedding banquet. 2. *Five were wise:* the true Christians. *Five were foolish:* the mere professors, without true religion in their hearts. They were foolish not to be prepared for the future. *Foolish took no oil:* except what was in their lamps. The oil represents the character out of which the outward life grows. In the foolish virgins it was mere emotion, excitement, transient feelings, outward motives. Like the seed sown upon stony ground that had no root. 4. *The wise took oil in their vessels:* their religious life grew out of real principle, an earnest character, a new heart, created and sustained by the Holy Spirit. 5. *They all slumbered and slept:* while waiting at some place for the procession to come that they might join it. This is said to show how unexpectedly Christ will come to all. The wise slept in peaceful trust,—the foolish in false security. 6. *The bridegroom cometh:* the bridegroom is Christ when he comes to judge the world. To us he practically comes at death. In a sense he comes at every crisis of our lives. 9. *Not so; lest there be not enough:* it is impossible to give another our character, our new hearts, our preparation. *Go to them that sell:* go to him who alone can give you the needed preparation. 10. *And the door was shut:* it was too late then to make preparation, and there was no possibility of entering without it. The door is often shut to those who have not prepared themselves by faith and love and true service, for the opportunities of being and doing good, for death,—for heaven. There is a "too late." 12. *I know you not:* I do not recognize you as one of those who should come in. You do not belong here.

SUBJECT: THE NECESSITY OF PREPARATION FOR THE FUTURE.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE GOSPEL WEDDING FEAST (v. 1).—What are the Oriental wedding customs referred to in the parable? Why was it desirable to attend this wedding banquet? In what respects are the rewards of the Gospel like a wedding feast?

II. THE FIVE WISE VIRGINS (vs. 1-4).—Who are represented by the ten virgins? How did the wise ones show their wisdom? What is represented by the lamps? by the oil in their vessels with their lamps? Why was it wiser to be thus prepared? What must we do to be prepared for the coming of Christ? When is the time to make the preparation?

III. THE FIVE FOOLISH VIRGINS (vs. 1-3). How did these show their folly? Was it intentional, or only neglect? What is meant by their having no oil with their lamps? What other parable explains this? (Matt. 13: 5, 6, 20, 21.)

IV. THE UNEXPECTED COMING (vs. 5-9.)—What did the ten virgins do while waiting? Was this wrong? When did the bridegroom come? What did the virgins then do? Who is represented by the bridegroom? What is meant by his coming? Will it be sudden? Does death always come suddenly at last? Do the great crises and opportunities of our lives come unexpectedly? Why did not the wise give some of their oil to the foolish? Can we give character, and preparation, and new hearts to others however much we may desire it? Read some verses about the coming of the Lord: (1 Thes. 5: 2, 3; John 14: 3; Mark 13: 32; Matt. 24: 37-39; 2 Tim. 4: 1; 1 Thes. 4: 15-17.)

V. "AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT" (vs. 9-13).—What did the wise advise the foolish to do? Who went in to the wedding? Why could not the others go in? What is represented by "the door was shut"? Is there a time when it is too late for us to prepare for heaven? When is the time? What is the preparation? How are we to watch?

LESSON V.—APRIL 29.

THE TALENTS.—MATT. 25: 14-30.

COMMIT VERSES 20-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Unto every one that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 25: 14-30.
T. Luke 19: 11-27.
W. Matt. 13: 1-17.
Th. John 14: 1-17; 23-27.
F. Rev. 21: 7-14; 21-27.
Sa. Luke 8: 5-18.
Su. Rev. 2: 1-11.

INTRODUCTION.—This parable is closely connected with our last lesson. There the virgins are represented as *waiting* for the coming of the Lord, here the servants are *working* while they wait.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

14. *A man:* representing Christ as about to leave his disciples. *Servants:* slaves were often in those days employed as this parable describes. They represent all Christian professors. 15. *Five talents:* a talent was 3,000 shekels, and a silver talent is variously estimated at from $1,000 to $2,000. In several Bible dictionaries it is called $1611.50. The talents represent the things God entrusts to us, as Gospel truths, wealth, time, opportunities, the Bible, the Holy Spirit, the capacity for religion. *According to ability:* capacity to use the talents. 16. *Traded with the same:* referring to the wise and faithful use of all God entrusts to us. *Made other five talents:* true use increases power and ability and opportunity. 19. *Reckoned with them:* in the day of judgment. But also, in a lesser degree, at every crisis of life, at death. 21. *Well done:* because, in fact, he had done well. *Ruler over many things:* larger powers, more opportunities, greater usefulness was his first reward. *The joy of thy lord:* the second reward of faithfulness. It is joy like Christ's,—pure, loving, unselfish, infinite, glorious. 24. *A hard man:* hard-hearted. He knew he was lying when he said this. *Gathering* up the wheat from the threshing-floor, where he had *strewed* or scattered the bundles of grain in the straw. 25. *Thou hast that is thine:* as if he at least were strictly honest. 26. *Wicked and slothful:* the true reason for his conduct. *Thou knewest:* you are convicted on your own showing. 27. *Usury:* interest, money paid for the use of money. The word *usury* is now employed to denote unlawful or exorbitant interest. 28. *Take the talent from him:* unfaithfulness leads to the loss of what is entrusted to us. 29. *Every one that hath:* uses well what he has, and thus, only, really possesses.

SUBJECT: WORK AND WAGES IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE ENTRUSTED TALENTS (vs. 14, 15).—To what does Jesus next compare the kingdom of heaven? Who is represented by the householder? Who by the servants? What by the going into a far country? How did he divide up his goods? How much is a talent? Why did he give to some more than to others? What things are represented by the talents? Name some of the talents entrusted to you.

II. THE FAITHFUL SERVANTS AND THEIR REWARD (vs. 16-23).—How did the man with five talents use them? What is represented by "trading"? How much did he gain? In what way can we increase our powers and usefulness? (v. 29.) Can you give any examples or illustrations?

When did the lord return? What is meant by the "reckoning"? In what two ways was the man with the five talents rewarded? Are these always the rewards of faithfulness? What is it to enter into the joy of our Lord?

How did the man with two talents act? Was there any difference between his reward and that of the other? Could the man with one talent have had a like reward? What lesson can you learn from the faithful servant?

III. THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT AND HIS FATE (vs. 24-30).—How did the man with one talent use it? What excuse did he give for so doing? Is God ever a hard master? Does he seem so to the wicked? How was the excuse answered? What is represented by burying the talent in the earth? In what two ways was the unfaithful servant punished? What do we lose by unfaithfulness? Is v. 29 a true picture of life? What lessons do you learn from the unfaithful servant?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1885.)

1. Apr. 1.—The Marriage Feast.—Matt. 22: 1-14.
2. Apr. 8.—Christ's Last Warning.—Matt. 23: 27-39.
3. Apr. 15.—Christian Watchfulness.—Matt. 24: 42-51.
4. **Apr. 22.—The Ten Virgins.—Matt. 25: 1-13.**
5. **Apr. 29.—The Talents—Matt. 25: 14-30.**
6. May 6.—The Judgment.—Matt. 25: 31-46.
7. May 13.—The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26: 17-30.
8. May 20.—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Matt. 26: 36-46.
9. May 27.—Peter's Denial.—Matt. 26: 67-75.
10. June 3.—Jesus Crucified.—Matt. 27: 33: 50.
11. June 10.—Jesus Risen.—Matt. 28: 1-15.
12. June 17.—The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 16-20.
13. Review, Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 1-13, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BE POLITE TO YOUR DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

(American Kindergarten.)

We overheard a gentleman, the other day, telling his grown son how on the preceding Sabbath he had found the hymn in the book and handed it to his daughter. He remarked: "She flushed as she took it, and was immensely set up. I do not think I ever found the place for her before." She always had been to him a little girl, but her evident pleasure and pride in his attention opened his eyes. Romp and tumble with your children as you will, treat them as babies, or the girls as tomboys, but please remember that "There is a time for all things," and when you are with the child before strangers, a formal introduction of "Miss Mabel," with all due regard to the little lady's dignity, will make a warmer place in her heart than most parents can imagine. Papa and mamma are to her the wisest and the best beings on the earth. There is also a little woman growing in the child's heart, with all the woman's dignity and sensitiveness, and when mamma and papa treat her in public with respect and consideration, be sure she will repay you in her graceful acceptance of the honor.

In the street, or the restaurant, coming home from church, or at the social gathering, wherever you take the child, polite attentions shown, in the same way that they are shown to older persons, tend to make the child love and respect both father and mother, and while they satisfy the natural craving for such things they prevent precocious seeking after them from those outside of the family.

If the father is extremely careful in such matters, and transgresses in no way, when taking the daughter to church, be quite certain that no boys will pay her attention unless they are fully up to the father's standard of etiquette. If the father at church, social gathering, or place of business is obliged to leave the child for a while, and says, "Please excuse me, I will come for you," etc., he may be perfectly certain that when later in life a young gentleman escorts her, she will demand quite as much politeness and consideration of him.

If one wishes to study the effect of politeness to girls, they can easily try it when opportunity offers, by handing a plate of refreshments, or a glass of water to some child of their acquaintance with the same little deferential bow, or the same form of words, that would have been employed in serving the belle of the evening. If the child has not been treated too much like a baby, and made to feel that children do not belong in any way to "grown-up" people, there will be a very decided flush of pleasure, and the little one will beam on you and warm to your conversation in a charming way.

Above all things do not snub your daughters in public. If, when you introduce them to some stranger or friend, the child ventures to say a word or two of the commonplace remarks usual at such times, do not express any disapprobation.

When there is an opportunity to take the child out coasting, to ride to the village, to go downtown in the street cars, or to go out on any of the errands where the girl may go with the father, change the ordinary form of invitation. Instead of telling the child to "Get ready," or saying, "You can go if you wish," say, "I would be pleased to have you walk downtown with me." In fact, as nearly as may be, use the form of invitation which would be given to an intimate lady friend. I shall never forget the pleased, womanly satisfaction that I have seen come over a child's face when some thoughtful friend has given such an invitation. It reminds me of the look I have sometimes seen when I have lifted my hat to a little lady on the street.

In many respects a father can make his daughters. He can certainly form their tastes and decide in advance what kind of men they will prefer to associate with. If he neglects them they may have wild ideas of what should be the external qualities of the men with whom they come in contact.

Mothers may do even more for the sons than the fathers can for the daughters. Of a "mother's influence" I do not speak, but merely of her power in moulding the manners and social habits of the coming man. While the religious and moral influence of the father and mother are of paramount importance, the moulding of the external man can not be neglected by parents without injury to the child.

How early the mother may begin in teaching the boy to be polite and thoughtful I do not know. I have seen cases where the instruction began at five and was immensely successful. The little fellow may need mother's protection at nearly every step, and yet he may give mamma his hand as she steps across the gutter, and be proud to do so. On the horse car if he has the fare in advance, and is taught when and how to pay, gives the conductor the signal to stop, gets out in advance of the mother and seems to take care of her, he will be pleased because he is playing man.

The lesson is useful all the same. At the ferry gates he can go in in advance and no one need see when the money was handed to him. Indeed the best way is to provide it for him in his pocket-book at home.

In the country the little fellow's hand may be of no earthly use in getting out of the waggon, yet it should be taken all the same, and the "Thank you" should come just as sweetly and politely as it was said to your lover before marriage.

In a word, teach the boy to make love to his mamma and let the father make love to his daughter. This is the key-note to the whole matter. As the boy grows older the duty of escorting his mother and sisters, if he has them, will not be wearisome, indeed they will be pleasurable, if the child has been early trained to them and been taught the pleasures of politeness. Brothers too frequently neglect their sisters because they are not rewarded as other boys would be by the same girls. The brother assumes ownership of his sisters as they do of him. He often shirks irksome duties as bores that are unreasonable. They take the brother as a matter of course, —when they can get him.

When the boy becomes tall enough so that you can take his arm, even though somewhat awkwardly, do so when on the street by all means. Depend upon him for all those little acts of politeness, and assistance which will be expected of him in the years to come.

When you ask him for a glass of water do not fail to acknowledge it, as you would if it were tendered you by one of your own age. Call attention to the child, at proper times, by introducing him in due form. Teach him to lift his hat to his lady friends and acquaintances. When you bow to a lady see that his hat comes off, and that he bows as well.

By beginning early, these things interest the boy and he is glad to perform the little acts which raise him in his own estimation. In them all, there must be a constant return of all the little acts of courtesy. While he is taught to act and play and be a lover, the mother must not fail to be sweetheart as well. In fact the mother must have a double relation to her son. She may be all that the word mother means and yet not wholly perform the duties which fall upon her. She must be, as has been said, sweetheart as well. He may take her to make calls, to concerts, to go coasting, to walk in the fields and in it all find lessons in the art of wooing, and still be a most thorough, hearty boy. With a mother for a sweetheart, how can the boy choose wrong when later in life, he looks around him for a companion. The result of such a training will be, that he will choose a wife as nearly like his mother, in her training and views of life, as it is possible for him to find.

In conclusion, I wish to add a disclaimer. I do not advocate making children into mature men and women, even in manners. I think they should be kept children as long as possible. There are times when we would always gladly find grown up manners in our children, and the attentions I have described, if bestowed at the proper time, will go far to make our boys "little gentlemen" and our girls "ladies" at the times when we most desire them to be such. —*W. E. Partridge.*

KEEP BABY QUIET.

What I would fain do now is to insist upon the importance of absolute quiet and calm in the first twelve months of the young child's life. Little children beginning to notice, and to babble out their monosyllabic utterances, are so engaging, that the temptation all the time is to wake up their faculties; they are always on exhibition, always being roused up to show their pretty ways to admiring friends, constantly on the alert, tossed and dandled and played with, when they had far better be left lying quietly in the crib.

A very great deal in the direction of training can be accomplished by accustoming the baby to lie still in its cradle when awake. Anxious mothers, on the watch for every movement, are far too apt to take the child up the moment it moves or awakens; it looks so pretty, and engaging too, with the pink color in its little cheeks, and the bright eyes opening with awakening interest. It is very tempting to take it up and toss it around, sing to it, make all those many uncanny noises which some mothers think essential to its development; and baby is so bright and winsome, so smart, as it is the fashion to say, or so cunning, that few reflect how bad all this excitement and turmoil is for the nerves, or trace a connection between the noisy chirping and tossing of the play-hour and the restless, uneasy sleep in the evening. It is not a welcome fact, but it is a very pregnant one, that the less babies are talked to and noticed the first year, the better. All success in training them, indeed, depends upon this calm letting them alone, leaving the nerves unwrought upon, and allowing the little frame time to become accustomed to the strain upon it of acquaintance with this restless, rioting world of ours.

The children of the working poor are in this respect far better off than those of the well-to-do; if later they miss much in the culture of good habits, they are, as babies, left so much alone, that, take them all in all, they are peaceable and quiet. One rarely hears the char-woman or seamstress talk of walking up an down all night with a fretful, excitable baby. One of the compensations of poverty is that its children are left in peace, for the reason that no one has time to spend on exciting them. It may be a negative training that they get, but it is the very best sort of training for the baby under a twelvemonth, and one that may be very advantageously copied by mothers and nurses.—*Janet E. Runtz-Rees. From Demorest's Monthly for February.*

HOUSE PLANTS.

The way house-plants thrive on the dregs of coffee left at breakfast is admirable. The grounds are a good mulch on the top of the soil, but a little care must be given not to let them sour and get musty in coolish, damp weather.

The great trouble with house plants, greater than errors in watering, is letting the pots be exposed to the sun. The fibrous roots soon grow to the side of the pot, and these are baked in full sunshine, trebly hot coming through glass, which condenses its rays, and the tips are soon killed. The whole ball of earth is baked over and over, daily, and yet people wonder why they don't succeed with house-plants. Shade the sides of the pots always, either by plunging in a box of sand, moss, cocoa fibre or ashes, or place a thin board on edge across the front of the plant shelf, that will come almost to the top of the pots. Let the plants have the sun, but shade the pots. A good way to screen them is to set each pot in one two sizes or more larger, filling the space with moss or sand.

The best gardeners say that the porous common pots are not so good for house-plants as those glazed or painted outside. The reason is that evaporation is constant from the sides of the porous pots, and the roots are not only drier but colder for it.—*Vick's Magazine.*

Besides the weekly mending, there is always repairing needed upon bed and table linen. The pieces that are not pressingly needed may be laid aside on a shelf in the linen closet to be picked up at odd seasons. In some families sheets are always cut in two lengthwise, as they begin to become thin in the centre, and what were hitherto the outer edges joined, that they may receive their share of the wear. This is technically termed "turning" sheets, and was more prevalent years ago than it is now. Those people who cherish a prejudice against having a seam down the middle of a bed may utilize the sheets by cutting them over into pillow and bolster slips. This is especially advisable if the sheets are of linen. No fragments of this or of damask table-cloths or napkins should ever be thrown away. If the pieces of linen are not large enough to make full-sized cases, they may serve as covers to children's pillows, may be doubled and made into squares for babies' napkins or towels, or into wash cloths. The small bits that are impracticable for any other purpose are admirable for binding up cut fingers, or steeping in liniment to lay upon a burn or wound.—*Harper's Bazar.*

RECIPES.

Oil it.—A few drops of cheap sweet oil often saves a great amount of the costly "elbow grease." Bear that in mind when turning the crank of the clothes wringer or any other contrivance.

Cheap Tea Cake.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour and one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of caraway seeds and two tablespoonfuls of currants.

Milk Toast.—Wet the pan to be used with cold water, which prevents burning. Melt an ounce of floured butter; whisk into it a pint of hot milk; add a little salt; simmer. Prepare four slices of toast, put them in a deep dish one at a time, pour a little of the milk over each, and over the last one pour the remainder of the milk.

Chocolate Filling for Cake.—Half a cake of sweet chocolate grated, half a cup of sweet milk, the same of powdered sugar, the yolk of one egg, and a tablespoonful of extract of vanilla. Stir the chocolate in the milk; add the eggs, sugar, and vanilla; set it in a vessel of boiling water and stir until a stiff jelly. When cold, spread it between the layers of cake. Used also as a frosting for cake.

Yorkshire Pudding.—One pint milk, three eggs, flour to make a thin batter, as for griddle cakes, and a little salt. Half an hour before the roast is done, remove from the dripping-pan, pour out nearly all the gravy and pour in the pudding batter. Return to the oven; lay a broiler over the pan containing the pudding, and on this place the roast. In half an hour pudding and roast will be done. The juices of the meat dripping upon the pudding make it very rich. It can also be baked in a separate, well-greased pan, always serving at once and with the meat and gravy.

Stewed Macaroni.—Half a pound of "pipe" or of "straw" macaroni, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of minced onions, one tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of cheese, pepper and salt to taste, bit of soda in milk. Break the macaroni into short pieces, and cook about twenty minutes in boiling water, salted. Meanwhile heat the milk, dropping in a tiny pinch of soda with the onion, to the scalding point. Strain out the onion, drain the water from the macaroni and put the milk into a sauce-pan. Stir in the butter, cheese, pepper and salt, finally the macaroni. Cook three minutes and turn into a deep dish.

PUZZLES.

TRANSPOSITION.

Within every *one on two*
There's a grain of good, 'tis said;
None so vile but can eschew
Bad, and choose the good instead.

For example, think of Gough—
Could a drunkard fall more low?
His reforming was the scoff
Of his friends (?), as we all know.

Ah! but what a power for good
In that fallen nature lay!
This reflection should be food
For those who reform gainsay.

PIED FISH.

1. Lmonns. 2. Nayvoch. 3. Tutor. 4. Amplery. 5. Lutelm. 6. Rosegunt. 7. Bkitosclack. 8. Lose.

ENIGMA.

My first the schoolboy has to do
When lessons are assigned;
Attention soon is called to two,
Which he's required to find.
My third, when come to man's estate,
He seeks with all his soul;
And if success his efforts crown,
He deems his bliss my whole.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead the staff of life, and leave a verb.
2. Behead something you wear around your arm, and leave a geometrical term.
3. Behead a fruit and leave to exist.
4. Behead something you wear, and leave a kindly feeling.
5. Behead something to put things in, and leave a fowl of the air.
6. Behead to live, and leave a receptacle for water.
7. Behead what you often call a disagreeable person, and leave a mineral.
8. Behead something to put things in, and leave an animal.
9. Behead something to drink out of, and leave a young girl.
10. Behead an animal, and leave a part of the body.
11. Behead something that you eat, and leave something that you do.
12. Behead something that you wear, and leave a conjunction.
13. Behead a time-piece, and leave something to secure with.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 7.

Charade.—Readjustable.

Enigma.—Horse-shoe.

A European River.—Volga.

Charade.—Mad-a-gas-car.

Enigma.—Shakespeare.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Ethel Clancy, Lillian A. Greene, and Herbert E. Marsh.

The Family Circle.

HANS, THE JANITOR.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

I do not know that the school-boys at "Granville Hall" were worse than many others, or that Harold Lee, the leader of their many pranks, exceeded his fellows in mischievous propensities, so much as in ability to invent and execute. Boys often do wrong with scarcely any thought of the consequences, either to themselves or others.

So I suppose that not one of the "Granvillians," as they facetiously called themselves, coolly intended to treat the new janitor cruelly. They only forgot that the same sort of hearts beat under broadcloth and homespun, and that in the great household of the one Father, there are no strangers or *foreigners*.

The old Irish janitor, who resigned his position, on account of ill health, had been one of the fixtures of the Institution.

The new official was a totally different individual—a tall, slender German boy, of eighteen or thereabouts, dressed in coarse, foreign-made clothing, his hands and feet protruding in an out-growing fashion from sleeves and trousers-legs, his blonde hair straggling about a face strongly marked with small-pox, and his general awkwardness heightened by a trick of bashful blushing when addressed,—he became at once a mark for the target-practice of aspiring school-boy wit. He received all meekly, but the flood of tell-tale color on his scarred face, and an occasional mistiness which the honest blue eyes were always turned away to hide, showed the rankling on the wound in his heart.

Once only he turned like an over-pressed stag at bay. It was when Charley Wentworth, passing him in the hall, gave his coarse sleeve a pull, saying, "Your mammy made your coat before she learned the trade, didn't she, Hans?"

The young trifler was not prepared for the strong hand upon his collar, and the sudden fire that shot from the blue eyes straight into his own.

"You shall say of me what you like, I answers noting,—but it is not of mein mutter that you shall speak!" said a voice so strong and clear in its hot indignation as scarcely to be recognizable. Charley was too greatly astonished to offer any resistance, and as he felt the hand at his throat slowly relax, he looked anxiously around to satisfy himself that there had been no witnesses of his humiliation, and hurried away without a word.

The autumn session was just closing and the holidays near at hand. The boys were in uncontrollable spirits at the prospect of home and Christmas cheer, and as a kind of safety valve for their excitement had planned a secret "spread," to be held in Harold Lee's room, accompanied by various sorts of merry-making wholly inconsistent with the rules and proprieties of Granville Hall. In some unaccountable manner, however, the scheme was discovered and frustrated by the principal, and its projectors severely reprimanded.

"I'll tell you who I believe it is, after all," said Will Barton, standing in the midst of an excited group in a corner of the play-ground. "When Hal and I were talking the thing over in his room, the other afternoon, we heard a little noise outside the door. Hal opened it quick and looked out, and there was that sneaking Hans Lehmann just going along, with his face as red as a beet. We didn't think anything at the time, but I'll lay you ten to one that he'd been listening."

"I believe you're right, Will!" cried Jack Hartwell, "and that explains his being closeted with the professor, when I went in to ask about those Latin verses. He blushed up, then, when he saw me looking at him, and acted as if he'd been stealing a sheep."

The chain of circumstantial evidence was certainly a very slight one, yet quite sufficient to establish in the boys' minds a conviction of Hans' guilt.

"Confound his meddling!" cried one, and "What shall we do with the Dutchman?" said another.

"Let's give him such a thrashing as he won't soon forget?" said Will, and several others quickly assented.

"No, boys!" said Hal Lee, after some deliberation. "I'll tell you a better thing to do, and one that we can get more fun out of than the 'spread.' Wait till Wednesday night. School will be out, you know, and we all ready to start for home the next morning. We'll nab the fellow after lights are out, take him into the north mathematical room, and hold a court, and try and sentence him. It'll be no end of a lark, and we won't delay justice, either!"

"The very thing! What a boy you are to plan?" cried the boys in an admiring chorus.

The details of the scheme were soon arranged. The appointed evening arrived, and as the unsuspecting janitor was seeking his little attic-chamber, he was suddenly seized from behind, his arms pinioned, a handkerchief drawn tightly across his mouth, and he himself hurried into a dimly-lighted room already occupied by a score or more of masked figures arranged in mockery of a court of justice.

I need not stop to describe the sham trial which followed, since it is chiefly with the penalty inflicted that our story is concerned.

Of course, the prisoner was *pronounced* guilty, and he was sentenced to a thorough drenching under the play-ground pump. Gagged as before, he was hurried down a rear stairway, divested of coat and waistcoat, and a stream of icy cold water turned pitilessly upon his shivering form. Chilled to the very marrow, his thin remaining covering stiffened in the wintry air, he was, at last, set free, and allowed to make the best of his way in the darkness to his own solitary room.

Most of the boys were to leave by the early train next day, and in the hurry of departure, there was time for no more than a few whispered references to the night's sport, as they observed that "the Dutchman" wasn't around this morning.

Swiftly as the weeks of the vacation passed to those who spent them in loving and luxurious homes, they were sadly long to poor Hans, the janitor.

"What has become of Hans?" Harold Lee asked the housekeeper, two or three days after his return to school.

"The poor lad was taken sick, Master Harold, the very day that you young gentlemen went away, and it was nigh to death's door that he lay for many days, I assure you. My hands were too full to give him the care he needed, so he was moved down to Widow Burns', in the village. It was pneumonia that he had. He is around again now, and came up the other day to ask for his place again; but Professor Brown had got a new man that suited him well, so he would not take Hans back at present. My heart ached for the lad, he looked so pale and disappointed."

There was a choking sensation in Harold's throat, and he turned away to hide the hot flush of shame that mounted to his very temples.

"It could never have been he who told on us before," thought Hal, and with the swift impulsiveness which characterized him, he said to himself, "I'll go and find him to-morrow. It was all my fault, and the boys shall do something handsome for him."

But alas for Harold's tardy repentance! The morning found his own frame racked with pain and burnt with fever. The physician who had been hastily summoned came from his room with a face appallingly grave and anxious, and sought an immediate consultation with the principal.

It was soon known that Hal Lee, the daring, dashing leader of the "Granvillians," was ill with that terrible disease, small pox. That he must at once be removed from the building, admitted of no question. What could be done?

The responsibility of immediate decision rested entirely upon physician and teacher, since Hal was an orphan, and his guardian then absent in Europe. There was a small, empty cabin in the outskirts of the town, which could be comfortably fitted up for the sick boy, but who could be induced to act as nurse? In this troublesome dilemma Dr. Gray was surprised by a visit from Hans Lehmann.

"I haf had this seekness," he said, pointing to his scarred cheek, "and I haf not fear. I will take care of Master Harold so well as I can."

Dr. Gray had learned during Hans' own recent illness to recognize the boy's faithful and gentle spirit, and the offer was gladly accepted.

Then, indeed, there began in the lonely room to which Hal was hastily conveyed, a hand-to-hand struggle with death. Through all those days and nights of agony, when the sick boy lay tossing in delirium, a loathsome semblance of his old self, Hans' patient, tender, watchful care never once faltered.

For a time the chances were so evenly balanced, that a mere breath, it seemed, might turn the scale for life or death; but at last, a day came, when Dr. Gray could say, in answer to the Principal's anxious inquiry, "He will live; but it is Hans Lehmann, and not I, who, under God, has saved him."

Through his long, slow convalescence, Hal had ample opportunity to learn the worth of the humble, faithful heart, which he and his thoughtless schoolmates had so despised.

"O Hans!" he said, one day, "you could never have done all this for me if you had known that it was I who planned the trial. And it was I, too, who was the judge, and ordered you to be shamefully treated. If you had died when you were so sick, what should I have been now?"

"I did know," said Hans, slowly, "for I did know your voice in the room."

"And yet you could do all that you have done! What made you, Hans?"

Hans blushed deeply.

"There was no oder," he answered simply. "I was not afraid of the seekness. I could not stay away, and yet haf right in my heart." He paused a moment, and then added, in a tone of passionate intensity, "It is not mooch that I can do, but I must haf right in my heart!"

Not all the sermons to which Hal had ever listened, no book that he had read, had so impressed him with the grand idea of duty, as these broken sentences. All his proud spirit was humbled, and he seemed to himself to be lying at the foot of the shining road up which the steps of the poor German boy had gone.

"Oh! if I could do something like this for you, Hans!" he said at last; "but I fear I never can!"

His thin hand moved tremulously, and as Hans took it in his own, the two lads, so widely separated in station and outward circumstances, sealed a silent compact of souls never to be broken.

"You have told me so little about yourself, Hans," said Hal, one day—"your father and mother, and your old home."

A tender light shone in the boy's blue eyes.

"Mein fader has been already long time in heaven," he answered, "yet it seems no more than yesterday since I feel his hand on my head, and I hear him say, 'Hans, take care of your moder and of Katrine!' Katrine is my litttle sister. Ah! if I could show her to you, Master Hal! So sweet and so pretty—not like me!"

"Haven't you a picture of her?"

"No—only in my heart always. But when I see a rose, I say with myself, 'That is like my Katchen's cheek!' and the star in the heaven, that is her eye, and the bird in the tree sings not so sweet as she. O mein God! when shall I see her and the moder once more?"

"Why did you leave them, then?"

"Ah! Master Hal, it is not in the old country as in this land. There it is so that the young men must go for soldiers. And my moder—she say she can not let me go by-and-by. And I like not the army and the wars. I will to stay with my moder and Katchen, as mein fader had said. So I say, 'Moder, cry not, for I go to America, that free land,—and when I haf money, so will I bring you and the little sister to me.'

"And see! it is three years already since I have come, and I eat not mooch, and I wear the old clothes which I had, and I save always some money, till—"

He stopped short, and the quick blood mounted again to his temples.

"Till what? O Hans! I know!" cried Hal. "You had to spend it all when you were sick?"

"I meant not to say it! I haf forgot myself!" said the boy, in a distressed tone.

"O what a brute, I have been! I shall hate myself forever!" sobbed Hal.

But even as he turned remorsefully upon his pillow, a happy light came into his eyes. Here, at least, was a wrong that could yet be repaired. The pain of body, the lonely aching of heart, which Hans had suffered, belonged to the irrevocable past, but the miracles which mere money could perform, were yet within his power. No project for his own pleasure had ever been made half so eagerly as the plan, which in the few following days, rapidly matured in his thought. He would not say one word of it to Hans,—indeed, he was half afraid to meet his faithful eyes, lest they should read the happy secret.

To kind Dr. Gray he confided all its details.

"My guardian is in Berlin, you know," he said, "and not far away is the little village where Hans' mother lives. Guardy will be so glad to manage it all for me. He will give her all the information she may need, and buy the steamer ticket for her. She will land in New York before Hans knows that she has left the little cottage 'under the lindens,' that he is always talking about."

Weeks passed, and Harold, well and strong, was once more in his place at school. Hans, too, had resumed his former duties, but the old days of insult and shame were gone forever. His noble spirit had won an enduring victory.

But the best was yet to come. A little cottage belonging to Dr. Gray was being prepared for some new tenant. Strangely enough, the academy boys, who usually troubled themselves but little with village affairs, were not only interested spectators, but sharers of the work.

One pleasant morning, Dr. Gray and Harold set out for the city. They returned in the evening, Hal walking from the station, but Dr. Gray being driven directly to the vacant cottage.

"Come down street with me, Hans," said Hal, when supper was over. "I want you for a little while."

"Why do you look so sad to-night, Hans?"

"Oh, it's noting, Master Hal! Only, last night, I dream of the moder and the little Katrine, and when I wake, I am all day so sorry."

They drew near the cottage as he spoke. A bright light was shining from the windows, and shadows moved upon the snowy curtains.

Harold opened the gate and led the way up the dooryard path. He tapped at the door and opened it without waiting for a reply.

A little tea-table, covered with a spotless cloth, was spread in the middle of the room, and a kettle sang merrily over the bright fire.

But who was the tidy, fair-faced woman in a blue stuff-gown of foreign material and fashion, who turned with outstretched arms?—the child, blue eyed and golden-haired, who sprang forward with a cry of half-delirious joy?

"Mutter! Katchen!" cried Hans, in a trembling voice, as dizzy and faint he sank into a chair, but his head was on his mother's bosom, and the child was clinging about his knees, while through the suddenly opening door of the adjoining room, poured in a delegation of academy boys, and "Three cheers for Hans!" were given so lustily that the very dishes on the table rang again.

Hans is still janitor at the Hall, but he speaks better English now, and finds time to study, every day, when work is over. His mother keeps the tidiest pastry shop in all the village, and, supported by the loyal constituency of the hall, she is constantly able to lay by something toward the monthly payments which Hans is making for the cottage.

And what shall I say of pretty Katrine? If not a "Daughter of the Regiment," she is, at least, the "Sister of the 'Granvillians'." The boys save for her the juiciest oranges and rosiest apples, they draw her on their sleds in winter, and bring her wild flowers and berries, as trophies of their summer Saturday afternoons.

The cottage "under the lindens" is not forgotten, nor the white cross in the little church-yard, far across the sea, where the husband and father sleeps; yet very dear to Hans and his mother have grown the new land, and the home which has rewarded humble self-sacrifice and fidelity to duty.—*Church and Home.*

THE COREAN EMBASSY.

The growing interest manifested in the Hermit Nation by the people of the west has been increased lately by the arrival at Washington of an embassy, the first ever sent from that kingdom to any country, save China and Japan. Our picture shows these dignitaries as they are on their way to the room of the President. The deputation includes:—Pak Chung Yang, Minister; Yi Wan Yong, Secretary of Legation; Yi Ha Yong, Second Secretary; Yi Sang Ja, Third Secretary; Yi Chah Yang, Interpreter; Yi Hun Yong and Kang Chin Hi, Minister's private secretaries; while Dr. H. N. Allen, of Ohio, who has been for several years at Seoul, attached to the court as physician, takes general charge of the party as foreign secretary. There are also three Corean servants with the party, whose names are not given, but the loss, says a contemporary, is slight, inasmuch as a shade of uncertainty rests even upon the orthography of the names of the more distinguished visitors.

Kate Foote, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Independent*, thus describes them: "They are well-mannered men, because they have that 'Semitic serenity' which is common to those races, the Chinese and the Japanese and the East Indians, who are not Aryan by descent. They dress like Coreans, and not like Chinese. One would never mistake them; the Coreans wear long tunics from shoulders to feet, where the Chinese have a short outer one over a long one underneath, generally of two colors. The Corean wears a hat more marvellous than the civilized chimney-pot. It is equally stiff, and equally black, but is a three-story sugar-loaf with straight, round brim. The belt at the waist is a hoop, standing away from the figure and apparently inlaid with shells or something glittering, as one could not peep too closely, although American curiosity stares a good deal. Two of them wear the æsthetic stork among water lilies, embroidered upon satin panels and hung down their backs, so that, as an amused bystander said, 'They must take care, or the young ladies will get hold of them and stand them in the corners of their drawing-rooms.' I am told, however, that it is not intended as an object of vertu, but is a decoration like the Golden Fleece, or the orders worn by the diplomats. Two of the Legation speak English learned at an American Government school in their own country. They are settled in a house in the west end, and it is said will entertain, as well as the Chinese, at whom they look black wherever they meet."

PROHIBITION SAVES THE BOYS.

The best argument I found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was, for political reasons, mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him which ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In a village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

There is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the very men are sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth that the beer and whiskey men want.—*Exchange.*

THE "TONGUE GUARD SOCIETY."

The Tongue Guard Society is one where the members pledge themselves to give one penny to its treasury every time they speak disparagingly of another person. The money thus raised is for the benefit of the poor. It was organized the last year in Hartford, Conn., and at once became popular, and several others have been organized for the same purpose in that vicinity. It would be well to make it universal.

CONSTITUTION OF THE TONGUE GUARD SOCIETY.

"If ought of good thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe or friend,
Take thou then the silent way,
Lest in word thou shouldst offend.

Article 1. The name of this association shall be the Tongue Guard Society.

Article 2. Any person may become a member of this society by signing the constitution and conforming to its rules.

Article 3. We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to endeavor to speak no evil of any one.

Article 4. Should we, however, through carelessness break our pledge, we agree for each and every offence to pay one cent. The money so forfeited to be placed in a box reserved for this purpose, and to be expended semi-annually for charitble objects.

Article 5. We also agree to use our best endeavors to increase the membership of the society in our town, and to assist in organizing societies in other places.

Article 6. It is, however, understood that when called upon to give our opinion of the character of another, it shall be done in truth, remembering in what we say the Scripture injunction—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."—*Hartford Times.*

NOVEL READING.

The young people who read the greatest number of novels know the least, are the dullest in aspect, and the most vapid in conversation. The flavor of individuality [illegible] been burned out of them. Always imagining themselves in an artificial relation to life, always content to look through their author's glasses, they become as commonplace as pawns upon a chess-board. "Sir, we had good talk!" was Sam Johnston's highest praise of those he met. But any talk save the dreariest commonplace and most tiresome reiteration is impossible with the regulation reader of novels or player of games. And this, in my judgment, is because God, by the very laws of mind, must punish those who kill time instead of cultivating it. For time is the stuff that life is made of; the crucible of character, the arena of achievement, and woe to those who fritter it away. They cannot help paying nature's penalty, and "mediocre," "failure," or "imbecile" will surely be stamped upon their foreheads. Therefore I would have each generous youth and maiden say to every story spinner, except the few great names that can be counted on the fingers of one hand: I really cannot patronize your wares, and will not furnish you my head for a foot-ball, or my fancy for a sieve. By writing these books you get money, and a fleeting unsubstantial fame; but by reading them I should turn my possibilities of success in life to certainty of failure. My self *plus* time is the capital stock with which the good Heavenly Father has pitted me against the world to see if I can gain some foot-hold. I cannot afford to be a mere spectator. I am a wrestler for the laurel in life's Olympian games. I can make history, why should I meander in a hammock and read the endless repetition of romance? No, find yourself a cheaper patron.—*Exchange.*

IT IS CALCULATED that the money spent in drink in the United Kingdom would pay not only the rent of all the houses in the Kingdom, from the Queen's castle at Windsor to the cabin of the poorest peasant, but also the rent of every farm, and would leave a balance of a million sterling.

THE INTELLECT OF MAN sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart is written upon his countenance.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COREAN LEGATION BEING CONDUCTED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT.

A CHRISTIAN CROSSLESS CANNOT BE.

(From the German of Benjamin Schmolke.)

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

A Christian crossless cannot be!
Then, why this perturbation,
When God, with grief and pain seeks thee,
Thou child of his salvation?
The more the smart,
Dearer thou art:
The strokes that fall upon thee,
Display the love that won thee.

A Christian crossless cannot be!
Than this, God wills, the rather,
That grief and pain thyself should see,
Come down from God the Father.
Since it is so,
'Tis well I know:
His love's own hand extending,
No plagues can he be sending.

A Christian crossless cannot be!
Whence comes the art of praying?
How from the world's vain pomp to flee,
The soul on Jesus staying?
Fling it not off
With bitter scoff,
As though to God no debtor:
It comes to make thee better.

A Christian crossless cannot be!
Else what would us awaken
When floating soft on sin's smooth sea,
Untroubled and unshaken?
Down comes the blight
Of death's dark night;
The last great trumpet calling,
Wakes us to woes appalling.

A Christian crossless cannot be!
Thy hateful sins eschewing,
It brings thee humbly to the knee,
Thy love to God renewing.
Vain world aside,
Let God abide!
Bethink thee! Ah, it moves thee;
Eternal Goodness loves thee.

Without a cross, nor would I be!
I'll bear all that God sends me;
The strokes that come, I will not flee,
For still his wing defends me.
Then, welcome fall
His chast'nings all;
With Christ, now uncomplaining,
At last, forever reigning!

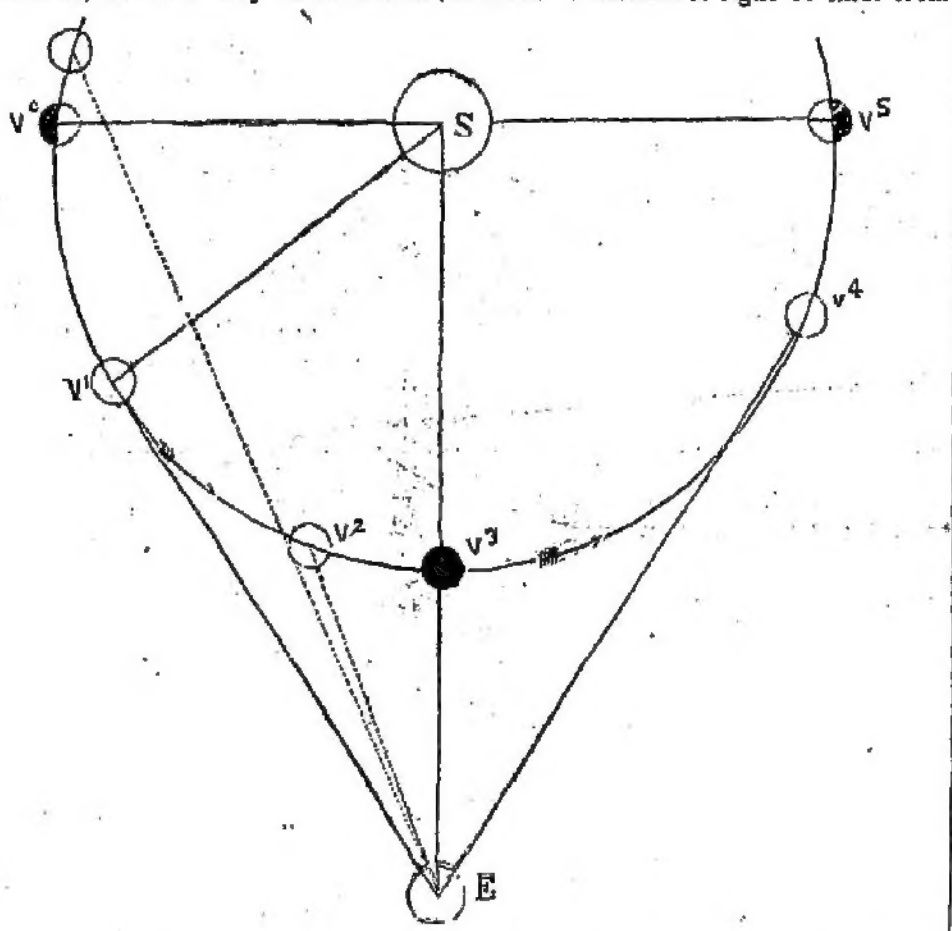
THE PLANET VENUS AND THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

Most of our readers probably know by this time that the planet Venus has been receiving more than a usual amount of attention during the last few weeks. How it comes to pass, I do not know, but it seems tha an idea has recently obtained amongst some people, that the star of the Magi has again made its appearance, and been seen in the eastern morning sky; and further, it seems that the planet Venus has been taken to be this star. Briefly let me explain, that there is no *connection whatever* between the two, nor, may I say, between the star of the Magi and any heavenly body known to astronomers.

Any go almanac (Whitaker's, for example,) furnishes us with the information that in the month of December, Venus was a morning star, that she was at her greatest elongation east on July 13th, at *inferior* conjunction with the sun of September 21st, and her greatest *elongation west, on* December 2nd.

I will try and justify the statement I have made by reference to a few astronomical facts. And first let me explain the terms I have used, with which some readers are possibly not familiar.

In the accompanying diagram, which makes no pretension to be according to scale, let the circle S represent the sun, E the earth, and the large curve V, V^2, V^4, be the path of Venus in her tour, or properly, orbit round the sun. By elongation, is meant the distance a planet appears to the people on the earth to be from the sun. This distance is therefore to be measured by the opening or angle between the line S.E., and a lin from the earth to Venus, wherever she may be in her orbit. I think it is evident, that the greatest elongation is reached when she is at V^1 and V^4. In the year 1887 she was in the position of V^1 on July 13th, and V^4 on December 2nd. A planet is said to be in conjunction with another heavenly body when the two are seen together in the heavens, and a straight line joining them reaches the earth when produced. Such would be the case when Venus is in the position V^3, and also when she is in the diametrically opposite part of her orbit. In the latter case the conjunction is called *superior*, in the former, *inferior*, and this was the phase Venus passed on September 21st. Now with regard to her brilliancy. When she is in the positions V^0, V^5, we see half her surface illumined, just as we see the moon at her first and third quarters; but as Venus approaches the position V^1, we see less of her illumined surface, and might therefore expect her to appear less brilliant. This is not the case, however, because she is also approaching us, and therefore what light she reflects we see more of. Her brilliancy *decreases*, owing to the fact that the visible illuminated area gets less and less as she approaches the position V^3, and *increases* because she is all the while approaching the earth, the result of which being that she shines most brilliantly about the middle of August. When she comes to the position V^3, or between us and the sun, we lose sight of her, because she is entirely overwhelmed by the light of that luminary. Occasionally Venus passes *exactly* between us and the sun, or makes a transit of the sun's disc, when she is seen as a black spot passing across the sun's face. On leaving the position V^3, we soon see her as a very thin crescent in the early morning getting brighter as she approaches the position V^4, or greatest elongation west. By the time she reaches the position of *superior* conjunction, the whole side turned to us is illumined, or she is, as it were, full Venus. As, however, she is so very much farther



from us in this position, she appears as a quite insignificant object. The curve V^1, V^3, V^5, or orbit of Venus, is not circular, but what is called elliptic. Her distance therefore from the su is not uniform. It averages about 66 millions of miles.

Now these few remarks apply, not only to the movements of Venus for the year 1887, but also for many thousands of years previous. (the days of her conjunctions, etc., alter from year to year.) If this is the case, it is actually impossible that Venus can have been the star of the Magi, for in St. Mathew's Gospel we read that the star *went before them. I take this to mean* that the star had an especial movement for them, and if so, it is manifest that it must of been only a comparatively few *yards* above the surface of the earth. The star of the Magi, moreover, has never been identified by astronomers. Efforts have been made by some to show that it was a comet, by others, that two planets in conjunction blended into one great light; but all these efforts have failed. Speaking generally, I may say that astronomers have entirely failed to find a place in any map of the heavens for the star of the Magi. It may not be out of place to remark here, that the word aster used in the Greek gospel, means a luminous body, and not necessarily a star.

There are many people who think that what called the laws of nature are competent to account for and explain all the unusual phenomena described in the Bible, They think that all God's works must be performed through the operation of what they call natural laws. Possibly this may be the case, but until *we know all the laws of nature*—which are simply God's laws for the physical universe—we are not in a position to speak of the results of these laws. Many of God's works may be the uncalculated results of laws, some of which we know, and some we do not know. With our very limited knowledge of anything, we can only confess that the Creator of all things can alter, interrupt, or revoke any of his own laws, but a time will come when we shall understand all things perfectly.

The star of the Magi cannot be referred to any known phenomenon in nature, and therefore, I say it was a miracle. Some people have supposed that the star which appeared in the constellation of Cassiopœia in A.D. 1572, was the Bible star; others give the same honor to a star that appeared in Serpentarius, in A.D. 1604, but these people can have no notion of the stupendous distances of the stars. No star in either of these constellations is nearer to the earth than three hundred thousand times 91 millions of miles. The sun is nearly 92 millions of miles from the earth, and I think it must be quite evident to any thinking persons, that it is impossible to fix any particular spot as being under the sun, in the sense conveyed in St. Mathew 2.9. Still more evident is it that it would be impossible for a house or a village to be under a star 300,000 times the distance of the sun. I think it is right to infer from the Gospel narrative, that only the faithful wise men saw the star; but whether or no such was the case, it is certain that the star which guided the Magi to the Saviour of the worl was one which no man in our day has ever seen.

P.S.—In the month of December, nearly eighty letters were received at the Greenwich Observatory, requesting information on the subject in question.—"A. I."

GREAT MEN BEGIN EARLY.

BY EDWARDS PIERREPONT.

The strong man who has not made his mark before he is 45 will never make it; and the young man who has not set his ambitious foot upon "the ladder eanng on a cloud," before he is 25, will never ascend it. Look back 300 years and more, and you will not find a single instance of a man, illustrious in great affairs, who did not early begin his grea career. Gustavus Adolphus ascended the throne of Sweden at 16; before he was thirty-four he was one of the great rulers of Europe. Conde conducted a memorable campaign at 17 and at 22, he, and Turenne also, were of the most illustrious men of their time. Maurice of Saxony died at 32, conceded to have been one of the profoundest statesmen and one of the ablest generals which Christendom had seen. The great Leo X. was Pope at 38; having finished his academic training he took the office of cardinal at 18—only twelve months younger than was Charles James Fox when he entered Parliament. Martin Luther had become largely distinguished at 24, and at 36 had reached the topmost round of his world-wide fame. Of Napoleon it is superfluous to say that at 25 he commanded the army of Italy. At 30 he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of all time, but one of the great law-givers of the world. At 46 he saw Waterloo. Wellington, be it remembered, was born the same year. From the earliest years of Queen Elizabeth to the latest of Queen Victoria, England has had scarce an able statesman who did not leave the university by the time he was twenty, and many of them left at an earlier age. Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge when sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-one. The great Cromwell, by all measure the ablest ruler that England ever had, left the University of Cambridge at eighteen, was a student at law in London at twenty. John Hampden, after graduating at Oxford, was a student at law in the Inner Temple at nineteen. William Pitt entered the university at fourteen, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two, Prime Minister at twenty-four, and so continued for twenty years, and when twenty-five he was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe, and like his great father, Lord Chatham, he was charged with "the atrocious crime of being a young man." Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen. Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one and Palmerston was Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-three. Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four was Lord of the Treasury. John Bright, one of the ablest statesmen of England, never was at any school a day after he was fifteen years old. The late Lord Beaconsfield left the cloister and entered the great world early—as did John Bright—and commenced his political career by writing a book at 19, in which he predicted that he would be Prime Minister.

Washington was distinguished as a colonel in the army at 22, commander of the forces at 43, and president at 57. Webster was in college at 15, gave earnest of his future before he was 25, and at 30 was the peer of the ablest man in Congress. Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States at 29; contrary to the constitution. William H. Seward commenced the practice of law at 21; at 27 was president of a state convention, and at 37 governor of the great State of New York. John Quincy Adams, at the age of 14, was secretary to Mr. Dana, then minister at the Russian Court; at 30 he was himself Minister to Prussia; at 35 he was Minister to Russia; at 48 he was Minister to England; at 50 he was secretary of state, and president at 57. General Grant was but 39 years old when he gained his victory at Fort Donelson, and only 41 when he took Vicksburg. Jonathan Edwards acquired early renown as the greatest metaphysician in America, and as unsurpassed by any one in Europe. He commenced the reading of Latin when six years old. At 10 he wrote a remarkable paper upon the immortality of the soul. At the age of 13 he entered Yale College, where he graduated four years later. Before he was 17 he had completely reasoned out his great doctrine concerning the freedom of the will. Before he was 19 he commenced preaching at one of the first churches of the city of New York. At 24 he was installed over the church in Northampton. From Leo X. down to General Grant and Prince Bismarck there is not one name of large renown in war, church, or state whose career of greatness did not conspicuously begin in very early manhood. Goethe was a marvel of precocity. When but six years and two months old the terrible earthquake which destroyed Lisbon occurred, and he amazed the people of his native town by his discourse upon the event as against the goodness of Providence. Before he was nine years old he could write in several languages, including French, Latin and Greek. He was in the university at 16, and was made a doctor of laws before he was 22. At 25 he projected the writing of "Faust," and published the first part of it twenty-seven years before he finished the play.—*Youth.*

Life is not an idle re,
But iron dug fr m tral gloom
And heated hot with burning years
And dipped in hissing baths of tears
And battered with the shocks of doom.

CHRISTIAN TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY J. P. CUSHMAN.

May I suggest a few homely, practical hints, which may prove helpful in home-training.

Be with your children; reign in the nursery. Receive all their little experiences of joy or sorrow. Bring the thought of God's love and interest into their most common, everyday life. Never let them grow shy of religious conversation. Make it easy and natural to talk together both of God and to him. Secure to them a comfortable place for daily devotions. Be sure that the Sabbath is the brightest day of all the seven. Have books, toys, Noah's arks, Scripture plays and puzzles reserved especially for it. Give them little rewards for good lessons and orderly habits practised during the week. Take them early to church, and be watchful lest the service, so sweet to you, become a weariness to them.

Save your Sabbath afternoons for home instruction. The "Peep of Day" series will be of the greatest help. But study the Bible together, search it; there is no other work more delightful. Keep the fingers busy. Let the children build the tabernacle with their blocks till they know its structure and contents by heart. Help them write out Bible chronology and commit it to memory. While you read they can draw maps of Bible lands, trace Christ's tours and Paul's journeys. Teach them the books of the Bible, the Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, some of the Psalms, the dear, old standard hymns, and whole gospels and epistles. It is wonderful how fast little efforts count up and accomplish great things. Do not omit this course when the duty of example may seem to demand your children's attendance upon the church and Sabbath-school. Know what they are taught there, and the influences surrounding them, and make sure that the home school is the pleasanter of the two.

Tell them of the needs of the wide world. Twenty cents will secure the "Mission Dayspring," full of pictures and incidents of the work in foreign lands. If it comes to one of the little ones in her own name it will be doubly prized. Let them draw maps of mission stations, build mission houses and fill them with the proper workers of the station represented.

Nothing will so strengthen their interest as praying and giving, not in the mass, but for specific objects. Devise ways in which they can earn the pennies they wish to contribute. One cent a week for putting away the playthings before supper, another for freshening hands and teeth after each meal, or for lessons well learned and stints accomplished cheerfully, will make a child quite a capitalist in the course of a year. Some little ones have begun with much less than this would amount to. Having only sixty cents in each purse, they printed with a lead pencil, little notes to the secretaries of six benevolent organizations, enclosing ten cents for each cause as a Christmas gift to the dear Lord who gave himself for them. Every succeeding Christmas season has been celebrated in like manner, though the purses sometimes contain a score of dollars each, and the letters have increased from six to a dozen and more. Let me add that these six little notes, the first efforts in systematic beneficence, were so kindly responded to by the care-burdened, yet child-loving men who received them, that each officer is held as a warm personal friend, and his name is a household word, often following an emphasized adjective of affection.

Let the children work, too, with their unskilled fingers for the sick and needy. If there is no mission band in your church, form one. If too isolated for that, have one at home.

A thought of kindness is a seed from Heaven's own granary. Plant it and it will bring forth fruit unto life eternal perhaps, for many souls.

How many proofs could be given. They lie all about us. Two little bags, each containing a Testament, book-mark, needle-book, thread, buttons, tape, thimble and wax, always with a little note of loving interest, have gone each Christmas for ten years to Dr. S. H. Hall, of the American Seaman's Friend Society, to be given to sailors just leaving the port of New York. Responses have been received from all parts of the world, with such expressions of help received, courage strengthened, faith increased and promised prayers for the givers, as surely must enrich any life. A mission circle, auxiliary to the Women's Board of Missions, though never having more than four working members, and two of them non-residents, and not active, has contributed in six years, $550 to the Boston treasury. If it were asked, "How could two children secure that sum?"—the answer would be—"They never had a sale or fair, or entertainment; they never asked any gift but from God; yet he constantly opened hearts and hands for their help, even strangers over the seas becoming friends and co-workers." The truth will always hold, that a worker for God is a worker with God, and "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think."

Help right heartily in the mission band, put fresh life in it if drooping; create one, if none exists. Permit me to describe the working of the little "Rainbow Band" to show that no attempt to do good is too feeble to receive the blessing of God.

The band is composed of girls in "short dresses," who meet at the parsonage every Saturday afternoon, and work for two hours to help others. Their comprehensive motto is:

"For Jesus Christ's sake,
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as ever you can."

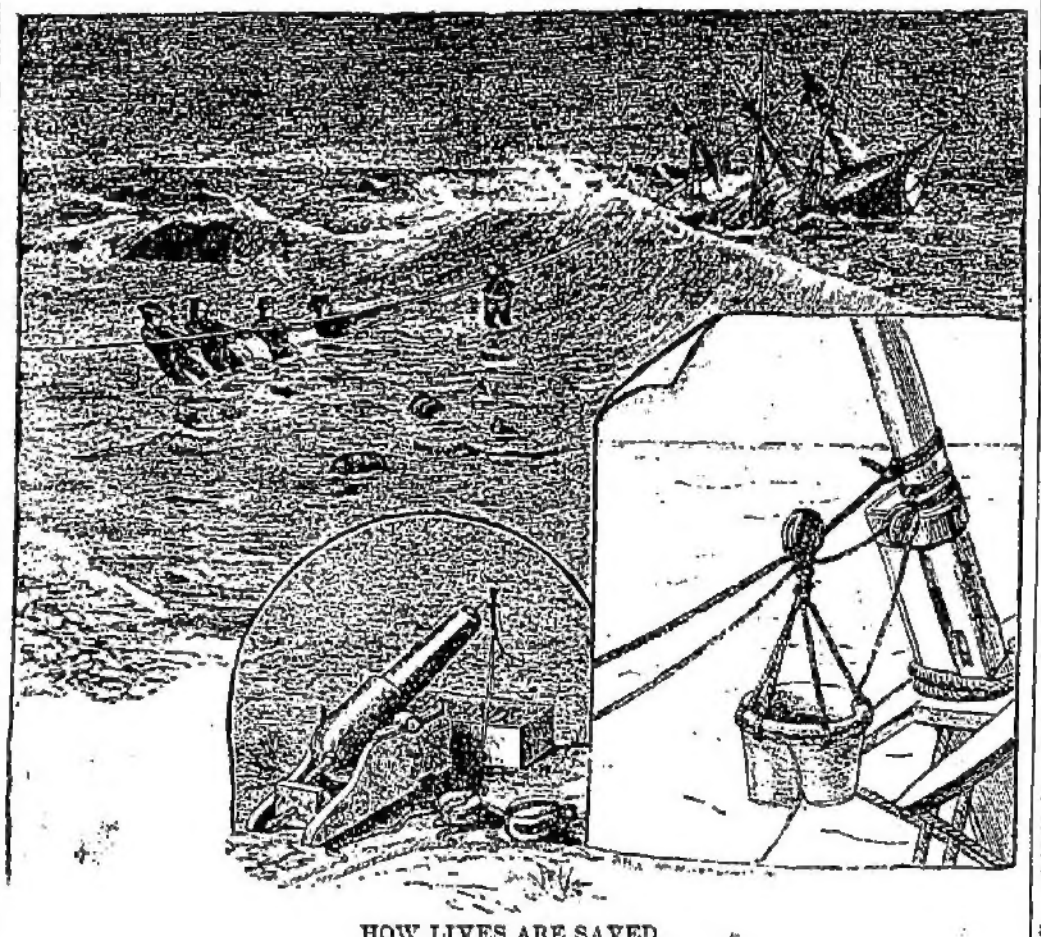
There is no machinery of officers, organization or by-laws. Two books of records are kept. But one month is devoted to any object. The single penny brought each week, is almost always earned, and some little gift, suggested at the preceding meeting, is heartily offered to the Lord.

The meetings generally open with singing and repeating our motto in concert. Some one is asked to write in one of the blank books the names of those present. As she writes, she calls the names, and another carries the penny-box to each, as the name is called, announcing aloud what is given, and how earned, the scribe making a minute of it. A third, passes a basket for the gifts, the names being called a second time for the purpose, and due record made. The object for which we are to work is talked about, the records of the last meeting are read from the other book, and any letters which may have been received; the gift for the next week suggested, and we are ready for work. Two or three of the younger members are placed in the care of an older one, who superintends and helps them as needed. Work is of various kinds, sewing, cutting out and pasting pictures on sheets sewed together for a scrap-book, knitting, crocheting, making frames for little pictures, stringing beads, etc. Sometimes there is reading aloud of incidents connected with the object for which our fingers are busy. Our session closes with singing. On the last Saturday of the month comes the delight of packing our box or barrel. The last Sabbath evening service in the vestry, each month, is given up to the "Rainbow Band." A report of the month's work and receipts is read, Bible verses and hymns are recited, and appropriate extracts read, with singing, and remarks from the pastor and others.

It hardly needs to be added, the work must be supplied and prepared for each meeting and carefully looked over, corrected, and brought up to the necessary point between Saturdays. The records too must be written, the programme drawn up for the concert, selections made and given out to be read or committed to memory. The expense is not great and is met from the tithes in the Lord's purse, and the time requisite is given by him, for whose sake we make the effort.

It seems only necessary to attempt something for the Lord though ever so small, and help is surely given. Others become interested and lend a hand. The parents make gifts and become honorary members, at ten cents a year, or at least, say an encouraging word.

The first year of the Band closed last month. From its annual report it appears that the total attendance has been 849, an average of sixteen and a fraction, weekly. The money contributed amounted to $47.51, with twelve boxes and barrels sent to home and foreign missionaries.—*Pulpit Treasury.*



HOW LIVES ARE SAVED.

HOW LIVES ARE SAVED.

The method of saving lives from shipwreck, at present in use at the United States Life-Saving Stations, may be best understood by supposing an actual case and describing the operations of the surfmen.

If the sea will permit, the people on the vessels are brought ashore in the "surf-boat." If a high sea is running, however, this is rendered impracticable, and recourse is had to the "Breeches Buoy."

When the discovery of a wreck is announced at the station, all the apparatus is at once carried along the beach to the point nearest the wreck. The Lyle gun, a small brass cannon, which weighs one hundred and seventeen pounds, is loaded with powder.

Then into its mouth is slipped a long steel "projectile," to the outer end of which is attached a light but stout line, called the "shot line."

Then the gun is aimed and fired. The projectile, followed by the long cord, flies out toward the wreck, passes over it, and drops into the sea, and the "shot line" falls on deck. Thus the first means of communication is established between the wreck and the shore.

The crew of the vessel now pull in this "shot line," until they draw on deck a pulley block, which the men on shore had tied to it.

Through this pulley block is running an "endless line," that is, a long line which is called endless, because the two ends have been fastened together. It runs also through another pulley block, which has been kept on shore.

The sailors tie their pulley block well up on the mast, and the men on shore fasten theirs to a "sand anchor," which they have buried firmly in the sand.

You have often seen the double string which children, living across the street from each other, run between their houses and call a "telegraph." It is a long, endless line, running through a pulley, or a staple, at each end, and when a basket or other article is tied to one side of the double line, and the other side is pulled in, the basket of course moves off across the street.

This is like what has now been rigged between the vessel and the shore. When the pulley block is tied on to the mast, it presents somewhat the appearance indicated in the cut.

So now the men on shore can tie anything on to the endless line, running through a pulley block at each end, and starting the circular motion of the line, soon send it out to the vessel.

What they do tie on is the end of a great hawser, or heavy rope, and when this hawser is drawn on deck, it is at once fastened to the mast a few feet above the pulley block.

Then the other end of the hawser, which has been kept on shore, is hauled in as tight, or "taut," as possible, and also fastened a few feet from the pulley block, which has been tied to the sand anchor.

Now the "breeches buoy" is brought out by the men on shore.

This is a circle, or large ring of leather stuffed, of perhaps two feet in diameter. Hanging below it is a pair of stiff canvas knee-breeches.

It is now hung from the heavy hawser so that it can slide freely to and fro upon it. Then it is securely fastened to one part of the endless line, the other part of the line is hauled steadily in, and away moves the buoy, slipping along on the hawser from which it hangs, and drawn by the small endless line to which it is secured.

When it reaches the wreck, the relations of pulley block, endless line, hawser and buoy will be as represented in the illustration on the preceding page.

One person is dropped in through the circle, with one leg in each side of the canvas breeches.

The circular line, which has been described, is fastened also to the buoy, or rather to the pulley block of the buoy, and is again put in motion, and the buoy retraces its course to the shore.

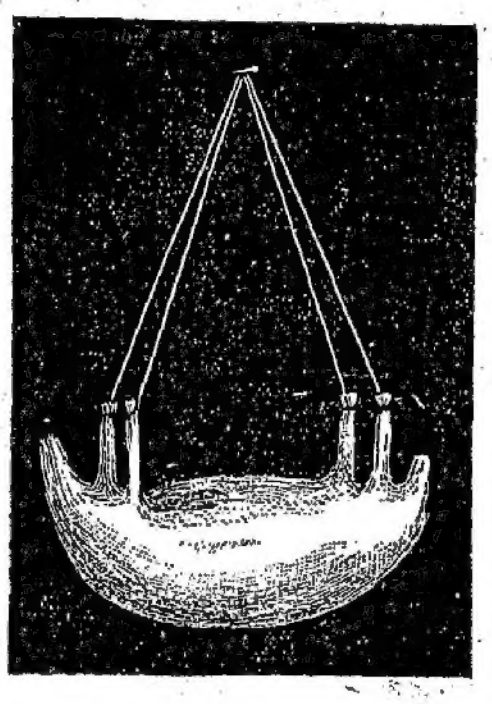
The rescued person is taken out, and again and again the buoy makes the journey, until every one on board is brought safe to land.—*Youth's Companion.*

A BLIND GIRL came to her pastor and gave him a dollar for missions. Astonished at the large sum, the minister said: "You are a poor blind girl; is it possible that you can spare so much for missions?" "True" she said, "I am blind, but not so poor as you think; and I can prove that I can spare this money better than those that see." The minister wanted to hear it proved. "I am a basket-maker," answered the girl, "and, as I am blind, I can make my baskets just as easy in the dark as in the light. Other girls have, during the winter, spent more than a dollar for light. I have had no such expense, and so have brought this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."—*Selected.*

A MASSACHUSETTS PASTOR, who is himself the embodiment of good cheer, preached at a well-known summer resort lately from the text, "Fret not thyself," and it is said that there never was so little fretting on a Monday morning in the kitchens of that town before! The good effect of the sermon was shown, also, at the hotels, where one man, who had grumbled daily over his food, on that Sabbath noon pronounced the chowder excellent, and continued to praise the cooking till he left town.

BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.



It would be hard for boys and girls in America to guess what this is a picture of, because they have probably never seen anything like it. A boy or girl living in Palestine or Egypt would know at once that it is a bottle. Yes, a bottle made of the skin of a goat. Small bottles are made of the skins of kids; very large ones are made of the skins of oxen.

If you will look at the picture now you can tell where the legs and head of the goat have been.

You wonder what such bottles are used for? For carrying wine or milk or water. In the cities of Egypt men may be seen going through the streets with goat-skin bottles on their backs filled with water to sell.

People come with cups or pitchers to buy it from them.

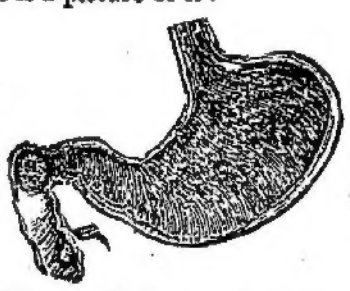
Great care must be taken of skin-bottles, or they are unfit for use. Old bottles might do very well for water or milk and for old wine, but the people who use them are wise enough not to put new wine into old bottles.

Why not? Let a verse from the Bible answer the question: "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."

You do not understand it yet? Old bottles will not stretch; new bottles will stretch. When new wine begins to ferment, it will make a bottle stretch; but if it is old, and will not stretch, then it will break the bottle. Old wine is done fermenting, and so it is safe to put it in old bottles.

But, boys and girls, there are lots of skin-bottles being carried about in America, but they are out of sight. You have each got one. Sometimes you carry water in it, sometimes milk. I do hope you will never put wine of any kind into it.

Here is a picture of it:



I think you all know where you carry it; if you do not, ask the doctor. When you ask him, call it your stomach, and not a skin-bottle.

In many respects the stomach is very unlike the skin-bottle we have been talking about. The principal difference is that the skin-bottle is dead, while the stomach is living, so that things which would not injure one will ruin the other. Let me say in passing that filling the stomach-bottle too full of food is one way of being intemperate. You can tell when it is time for you to stop.

It does not hurt to put new wine into new skin-bottles or old wine into old bottles, but it does do harm to put wine or strong drink of any kind into stomachs.

The stomach is lined with a delicate skin. When a man or woman or child begins to take a little strong drink, this skin begins to grow red. When people are in the habit of getting drunk, the skin-lining becomes as red as blood, then it becomes full of sores, and as more and more strong drink is taken the stomach becomes streaked with red and brown blood and sores. If I had a blackboard and colored crayon, I would make you a picture of what I have just told you.

But not only does strong drink destroy the stomach, but from the very first it keeps the stomach from doing its work. It will not let the stomach digest the food, and so give strength to the body. It makes the stomach keep the food so long that it turns sour, and thus disease, instead of strength, is sent through every part of the body.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

AN AGATE FOREST.

There have been exhibited lately in the well-known house of Tiffany & C., New York City, some wonderful specimens of agate from Arizona. This agate is "petrified wood," but like no other petrified wood previously discovered. The coloring is brilliant and beautiful; glowing red, the delicate blending and tinting of grays, blues and greens, with here and there a glistening quartz crystal, makes a rare combination.

These beautiful slabs, two or three feet across, were sawn from great stone logs. The perfect likeness of the tree is there,—the concentric rings, the radiating lines, the rough, gnarled bark,—and even every knot has its fac-simile in the stone.

Petrifactions in wood have been discovered before, but they have been in neutral tints; the size and richness of coloring are what render this recent discovery remarkable, for, previous to this, agates thirteen inches in diameter were considered large.

The finding of this agate forest, as it might properly be termed, is interesting. When the Apache chief, Geronimo, led the frontiersmen such a lively chase in Arizona, he ran better than he knew. During the pursuit of the Indians, the heart of the Apache country was penetrated. It was on one of these wild chases that a cowboy, named Adams, found himself in the remote and before undiscovered petrified forests of Arizona.

As soon as he was able he reported his wonderful find to the Governor of Arizona. His story was laughed at.

"All right," said the cowboy, "if my story isn't true, I'll bear all the expenses of the journey there and back."

The story was true, and there, prone in the depths of the lava desert, they saw the remains of a forest, changed into brilliant-hued, translucent agate, held in form by the petrified bark, every ridge and knot perfectly translated.

For ages the water, impregnated with silica, played over and amongst these forest trees, wearing the wood away, and cell by cell, atom by atom, replacing it by the stone. It is assumed that powerful geysers may have burst forth and then, perhaps after centuries, settled away, leaving as monuments of their work these agate petrifactions. Stumps, trees, twigs, fallen logs are all represented in the beautiful stone.

The cutting and polishing of these great agates is a work of exceeding difficulty. Thirty-five days were consumed in sawing across one of the stone logs. No steel instrument can make an impression, can even scratch the polished specimens on exhibition. Diamond-dust and saws with diamond teeth alone will cut them.

Of course much of the work must be done on the spot. Hence a camp has been set up in the Arizona wilderness, in the midst of desolation, and here are sawn out the blocks and slabs of agate, while the workmen, fearful of the treacherous Apaches, look carefully to their Winchester rifles, which are rarely left out of reach.—*Youth's Companion.*

FIVE STEPPING-STONES.

Probably a boy never hears of a successful man but the thought that flashes through his mind is, "Why did he succeed? How did he begin?" Ex-Mayor Adson, of New York, says:

"The rules that I have followed all my life, and which I regard as necessary to success in business, are:

"1. Close attention to details. And this means sometimes working nights, and during hours usually devoted to recreation.

"2. Keeping out of debt. Regulating expenses so as to keep within your income, and at all times to know just where you are financially.

"3. The strictest integrity. It is rare that a dishonest man succeeds. He does sometimes, but not often.

"4. Being temperate in habits.

"5. Never getting into a lawsuit. Business ought to be conducted in such a way that there will be no need of lawsuits, and it is better often to suffer a wrong than go into court about it."

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

The value of the food products of our country for a single year is about $600,000,000; the cost of all the clothing is about $400,000,000; the cost of alcoholic drinks about $1,484,000,000; how much more does the liquor cost than the food and clothing?

In Prussia an army of dogs is being trained! Tiny portfolios containing military orders are to be tied around their necks, and they are trained, when these are put on, to trot back to the main army as fast as they can. They are also trained to hunt up wounded soldiers, and those who have lost their way. Think of being able to teach dogs to help lost people back into the right way, while some boys and girls are at work trying to help people into wrong ways!—*Pansy.*

Question Corner.—No. 7.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

23. During whose reign was the kingdom of Israel divided and what was the immediate cause?
24. How many of the tribes remained faithful to the house of David, and whom did the others make their king?
25. For which of the seven churches in Asia had God no word of condemnation?
26. Give a list of the places, in their order, which Paul visited in his first missionary journey?

A KIND OFFER.

A gentleman in Ontario, writes, wishing the *Messenger* a wider circulation, and praying for God's blessing upon it. He asks if we know of any mission in any part of the world that does not get such a paper. He would be happy to forward the money necessary to send a few copies.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy				$ 0 30
10 copies to one address				2 25
20	"	"	"	4 40
50	"	"	"	10 50
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Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 23 years' standing by a Simple Remedy. Will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUM LIST

VALUABLE BOOKS AND USEFUL PRIZES.

The *Messenger* premium list for 1887-88 is an entirely new one and has been selected with great care.

Read the following list of prizes offered for the *Northern Messenger* and see how anyone with very little effort can become the owner of a nice prize.

To the person sending us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or SEVEN RENEWALS at 30 cents each we will give their choice of any one of eight beautiful prizes, as follows:—

1. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
2. BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.
3. FAST IN THE ICE.—The thrilling story of Arctic adventure, by R. M. Ballantyne.
4. ILLUSTRATED NATIONAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY.
5. A SILVER-PLATED SUGAR SHELL.
6. A SILVER-PLATED BUTTER KNIFE.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, or FIFTEEN RENEWALS at 30c each our workers will have their choice of the following:—

1. A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."—By the Rev. E. P. Roe.
2. OPENING A CHESTNUT BURR.
3. THE HOME AT GREYLOCK.
4. BEN HUR, by General Lew Wallace.
5. THE PEEP OF DAY.
6. MRS SOLOMON SMITH LOOKING ON.—By "Pansy:
7. THE POCKET MEASURE.—By "Pansy:"
8. THREE PEOPLE.—By "Pansy;"
9. SACRED ANIMALS.—A large box of brilliantly colored pictures of all sorts of animals on strong pasteboard.
10. A SILVER PLATED SUGAR SHELL AND BUTTER KNIFE.

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2. DRAYTON HALL.—By the author of "Little Katy and Jolly Jim."
3. THE LAMPLIGHTER.—By Maria S. Cummins.
4. THE REVISED BIBLE.—A neat, stiff, cloth-covered edition, with red edge.

When working for prizes mark each letter IN COMPETITION so that it will be placed to your credit.

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